THE

DRAMATIC CENSOR;

OR,

MONTHLY EPITOME

OF

Taste, Fashion, and Manners.

NUMBER XXIX.

FOR SEPTEMBER 1800.

" To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature."

SHAKSPEARE.

The *First* and *Second* Volumes of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the Work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Boards, price Seven Shillings each Volume, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel Court, Drury-Lane; and C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

AUGUST, FRIDAY 15.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*Holman.*
THE GUARDIAN—*Garrick.*

A YOUNG Lady made her *debut* this evening, in the After-piece, in the character of *Harriet.* She is, we understand, not strictly a novice to the Stage, having frequently performed with considerable applause at a private Theatre :—yet such was the excess of her timidity, that her utterance was scarcely audible. Of course, it was impossible to form a competent judgment of her abilities from her pre-

sent essay.—In other respects, she possesses many natural advantages, her figure being greatly in her favour, and her countenance interesting.— The slovenly manner in which several of her partners in the dialogue acquitted themselves, calls loudly for reprehension; and must, no doubt, have tended to augment her embarrassment.

SATURDAY 16.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*Holman.* THE JEW AND THE DOCTOR—*T. Dibdin.*

MONDAY 18.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*Holman.* FORTUNE'S FROLIC—*Allingham.*

TUESDAY 19.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*Holman.* THE IRISHMAN IN LONDON—*O'Keefe.*

WEDNESDAY 20.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*Holman.* THE PRISONER AT LARGE—*O'Keefe.*

THURSDAY 21.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* BLUE-DEVILS—*G. Colman.* THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

THE interesting character of *St. Franc* ranks, as we remarked in our former Number, among Mr. Barrymore's best parts. It was, therefore, judicious in that Performer to make the *Point of Honour* the leading article in the bill of fare, with which he regaled the audience this evening, for his own Benefit.

Mr. C. Kemble's late accident rendering him incapable to attend to his professional duties, Mr. J. Palmer supported the part of *Durimel.* Though we cannot compliment him with being an adequate substitute for the original representative, it is, however, but justice to observe, that, making proper allowances for his situation, he acquitted himself with

with credit and respectability. His voice wants power and energy; but, as he is a very young Performer, we may hope that time and experience will obviate this objection.

FRIDAY 22.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*Holman.* OBI; *or,* THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

IN consequence of Mr. Holman's secession from the London stage, to perform in the Provincial theatres, the part of *Alphonso,* in the Opera, devolved on Mr. Barrymore. We need not add, that the piece was a gainer by the change.

The attractions of the New Opera, with all its finery and sing-song, proving insufficient to ensure a full House, the Manager was under the necessity of again bringing forward his grand Dramatic Pantomime of *Obi.* Mr. J. Palmer appeared as the proxy of Mr. C. Kemble, as the sable hero of the piece, and supported the character with a degree of vigour and justness of conception, far surpassing our most sanguine expectations.

SATURDAY 23.—THE MOUNTAINEERS—*G. Colman.* ROSINA—*Mrs. Brooks.*

MRS. BLAND, whose domestic loss (*see the First Volume of this Work, page* 311) has brought on a very serious affliction, and for a long while deprived the public of her services, took her Benefit this evening. Though evidently very much indisposed, she performed the part of *Agnes,* and was received by a sympathising audience with that favour and partiality to which she is justly entitled. —As her long absence from the Stage has, no doubt, been the subject of regret with all our readers, it will, we are persuaded, afford them great satisfaction to learn, that hopes are entertained of her complete recovery. It is, we under-

stand, the opinion of the faculty that her *accouchement*, to which she now shortly looks forward, will effect a perfect re-establishment of bodily and mental health.

MONDAY 25.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*Holman.* OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

'TIS with much difficulty that even the powerful interest of *Obi* can cause Mr. Holman's Opera to go down with the public. When the intervention of a Pantomime is necessary to put off an operatic production, (which is itself in general, and more especially in the present instance, but a *Pantomime in disguise!)* no other criterion is requisite to enable the reader to form a judgment of its real claims.

TUESDAY 26.—THE HEIR AT LAW.—*G. Colman.* THE POOR SOLDIER—*O'Keefe.*

FOR the benefit of Mrs. Mountain, who, in the course of the evening, introduced the favourite Songs of *Sweet Echo*, and *The Soldier tir'd of War's Alarms*, which she sung with the happiest effect, and was tumultuously *encored* in both.

In the Entertainment, Mrs. Mountain performed herself the part of *Kathlane*; and Mrs. Bland, notwithstanding her illness, sustained the character of *Norah*. Miss De Camp's *Patrick* is a rich treat: her style of singing is admirably suited to the character, which requires rather a bold, easy, unaffected grace, than subtle refinement, and Italian execution. Mr. Wathen was Munden's proxy, as *Darby*.

WEDNESDAY 27.—WHAT A BLUNDER!—*Holman.* THE LIAR—*S. Foote.*

MR. R. PALMER supported, for the first time, the character of *Young Wilding*, in the After-piece. His manner is gay and debonair, but rather too coarse.

THURSDAY

THURSDAY 28.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.*
OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

FRIDAY 29.—CAMBRO-BRITONS.—*J. Boaden.*—THE AGREEABLE SURPRIZE—*O'Keefe.*

ON a former occasion, previous to the commencement of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, when the Play of *Cambro-Britons* passed under our * review, we felt it our duty to animadvert in terms of harsh, but merited censure, on its general complexion and character. The opinion we then delivered, we have not since found any reason to retract—yet justice compels us to own, that though, on *general* grounds, our objections hold good; yet, if placed in the scale of comparison, Mr. Boaden's Play will be found to gain by the contrast. Since we have more immediately turned our attention to the Stage, and individually analized the intrinsic claims and merit of the different Dramas that are brought forward, we must acknowledge, that the Play of *Cambro-Britons* is entitled, at least, to *negative* commendation, as not being, by far, the worst of our modern Dramatic productions.

Thus much we have deemed it necessary to premise, as well in justice to Mr. Boaden, as to obviate any cavils that might be advanced by snarling and malevolent hyper-critics against our own consistency. We do not pretend to say, that Mr. Boaden's play is a good one, *per se*;—but it certainly is *comparatively* good, when contrasted with such vile trash as Mr. Holman's New *blundering* Opera, or the abortions of Messrs. ******—***†***—*****, and other Dramatic productions of a similar nature.

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* We allude to the Strictures on this Play in *The Literary Census*.

As

As the length of time which has intervened since the regular performance of this Play, in addition to various collateral circumstances, must necessarily have occasioned a material change in the representation, it may not be inexpedient to subjoin the *cast* of the characters—

Llewellin,	Mr. Barrymore.
Shenkin,	Mr. * Emery.
Cadwall,	Mr. Palmer.
Gwyn,	Mr. Suett.
O'Turloch,	Mr. Johnstone.
Bard,	Mr. * J. Palmer.
King Edward,	Mr. * Caulfield.
Prince David,	(By a * Gentleman, being his first Appearance.)
Dynevor,	Mr. Trueman.
Mortimer,	Mr. Klanert.
Hereford,	Mr. Davenport.
Edwin,	Mr. Abbot.
Elinor,	Miss De Camp.
Lady Ap Griffith's Shade,	Mrs. Gibbs.
Winifred,	Mrs. Bland.

Between the Play and the Farce, Mr. Johnstone, who took his Benefit this evening, introduced the whimsical *Olio,* entitled *Paddy's Description of Pizarro;* or, *Mr. Patrick O'Doody's, and his Cousin Shaun Shaughnessy's Treat to the One Shilling Gallery.* The house was crowded in every part.

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* The characters marked with an *Asterisk,* (*) were originally filled as follows, viz.—*Shenkin,* Mr. Munden; *Bard,* Mr. H. Johnston; *King Edward,* Mr. Davies; and *Prince David,* Mr. C. Kemble. The *female* personages of the Drama retain their pristine allotment.

SATURDAY 30.—THE LONDON HERMIT—*O'Keefe.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

SEPTEMBER, MONDAY 1.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

THE New Entertainment produced this evening, ranks among that species of Dramatic writing, which claims the privilege of exemption from the jurisdiction of regular and sober criticism. It is an avowed *caricature*, from first to last; and affects, indeed, no higher aim than to excite the risible propensities, and make the audience laugh, in spite of their better judgment. This object it completely accomplishes, and in so far may be considered as a very successful effort. Nay, we may add, that in the midst of all the absurdities, extravagance, and incongruities, with which it teems, the hand of a master, of a writer thoroughly acquainted with stage trickery and effect, is clearly discernable. Nor, have we any hesitation to declare our belief, that it is to the practised pen of Mr. Colman the town is indebted for this whimsical *pastichio*—a title which we give it with design, as we have reason to believe, that it is not the offspring of a regular and uniform conception, but rather a kind of Dramatic *Olio*, compounded of a variety of ingredients, which originally bore no reference or analogy to each other.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Deputy Bull - -	Mr. Suett.
Captain Beaugard - -	Mr. Farley.
Looney Mactwolter - -	Mr. Johnstone.
John Lump - - - -	Mr. Emery.
Caleb Quotem - - -	Mr. Fawcett.
Charles Williams - -	Mr. Trueman.
Dubbs - - - - - -	Mr. Chippendale.
Serjeant - - - - - -	Mr. Atkins.
Soldiers, &c. &c.	
Grace Gaylove - - -	Mrs. Gibbs.
Lucy - - - - - -	Mrs. Mountain.
Phœbe Whitethorn - -	Miss De Camp.
Martha - - - - - -	Miss Leserve.

The plot, or fable of the piece, is briefly this—*Deputy Bull*, formerly a grocer in the city, has retired from business, and resides with his ward, *Grace Gaylove*, a Quaker, at Windsor. A reciprocal affection exists between that lady and *Captain Beaugard*, which, we are informed, owes its origin to the circumstance of the captain having saved her life on a former occasion, when the boat in which she sailed on a party of pleasure overset. *Bull* is averse to the marriage; but the lovers contrive to carry on a private correspondence, through the medium of *Lucy*, the chambermaid. The Deputy being in want of a footman, *Looney Mactwolter* and *Lump* apply for the place. *Bull* gives the preference to the latter; and *Looney* shortly after hires himself as servant to Captain *Beaugard*. *Looney* is entrusted by his master with a letter to *Grace Gaylove*; and on his way to the Deputy's house meets *Lump*, who has a similar commission on the part of *Bull's* ward. Each tenders his letter to the other; but as a dispute arises upon the subject, the

billet-

billet-doux (or *billet-duxes*, as *Looney* terms them) get mixed, and neither *Looney* nor *Lump* being able to read, they resolve, after much deliberation, to apply to Mr. *Deputy Bull* to rectify their mistake. *Bull* opens the letters, and discovers that *Beaugard* has laid a plan to carry off his ward; but, whilst he is reading the note, *Grace* and her *confidante* take advantage of his absence of mind, and steal off to the place of assignation. *Bull* pursues, and overtakes them, just as they reach the camp; but finding his ward determined not to return, and the Captain as resolutely determined not to part with his mistress, he makes a virtue of necessity, and sanctions their union with his approbation.

Interwoven with the main story, is an under-plot, in which *Phœbe* and *Williams* are the principals. The latter having enlisted into the army, *Phœbe* disguises herself in man's attire, and enters as a volunteer. The deception is discovered by *Captain Beaugard*, who interests himself in behalf of the lovers, and promises to enable *Williams* to marry his mistress, and settle comfortably in life.

Caleb Quotem, though the most prominent figure in the representation, is but very distantly connected with the plot. He is a kind of *jack of all trades*; and, with respect to his dramatic character, is a compound of *Lingo*, in the *Agreeable Surprize*, and *Doctor Pangloss*, in the *Heir at Law*. It must, however, be confessed that, in the hands of *Fawcett*, the part is irresistibly ludicrous and entertaining.

We have already remarked, that to apply the regular rules of criticism to this production, would be highly preposterous: in fact, it would be literally *breaking a butterfly upon a wheel*. Yet, without wishing to appear fastidious, we must observe, that the author has frequently carried the *licentia comica* to its utmost extent. Some of his *equivoques*, if not positively *obscene*, are, at least, too gross and palpable

to pass unnoticed. To this class we particularly refer his allusions to STERNE's celebrated *jeu d'esprit* on Mr. Shandy's *winding up of the clock*, which he has introduced in a manner that cannot fail to call forth a blush on the cheek of modesty. We are as little inclined to *prudery* as any man—but there are certain bounds and limits, especially in scenic representation, beyond which a writer ought not to indulge the wantonness of his imagination.

As the piece is avowedly written to humour the prevailing taste of the town, for buffoonery, without the slightest regard to propriety, we mean not to arraign the author for the extravagance of his characters, every one of which may justly be pronounced *outrè*, and in a regular Drama would merit serious reprehension. Hence, dismissing entirely the question of moral fitness, we laugh at an Irishman entering a gentleman's house, and applying for a footman's place, with a *hay-fork* in his hand!—a Yorkshire clown, on the same errand, seating himself, and leaving his master to stand—with a variety of similar incongruities. They all serve to promote the author's design of furnishing *caricature*.

The principal weight of the performance rests with Johnstone and Fawcett. The former, as *Looney Mactwolter*, has a song, which, for whimsicality and ludicrous effect, can only be surpassed by the eccentric rhapsody of *Caleb Quotem*. We subjoin a copy of both, as the most effectual method of bringing the reader acquainted with the spirit of the piece. After a burlesque invocation to Cupid, under the title of the *sand-blind* deity, *Looney* breaks forth, as follows:

I.

Oh, whack! Cupid's a mannikin;
Smack, on my back, he hit me a polter;
Good lack! Judy O'Flannikin!
Dearly she loves neat Looney Mactwolter.

Judy's

Judy's my darling; my kisses she suffers;
She's an heiress, that's clear,
For her father sells beer;
And he keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers!
She's so smart,
From my heart
I cannot bolt her;
Oh, Whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

II.

Oh, hone, good news I need a bit;
We'd correspond—but learning would choak her.
Mavrone! I cannot read a bit,
And Judy can't tell a pen from a proker;
Judy's so constant, I'll never forsake her;
She's as true as the moon;
Only one afternoon,
I caught her asleep with a hump-back shoemaker.
Oh, she's smart!
From my heart
I cannot bolt her.
Oh, whack! Judy O'Flannikin!
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Caleb Quotem's Song contains an enumeration of the several trades and callings, which that *fac-totum*, as he dubs himself, professes to follow. It is admirably calculated to display the powers of Fawcett, in broad farce, which, in our opinion, is that actor's proper sphere; and to do Fawcett justice, he fully enters into the spirit of the character, and signs this song with irresistible drollery and humour.

I'm parish clerk and sexton here;
My name is Caleb Quotem:—
I'm painter, glazier, auctioneer:
In short, I am *Fac-totum.*
I make a watch—I mend the pumps;
For plumber's work my knack is:
I physic sell– I cure the mumps;
I tomb-stones cut—I cut the rumps
Of little school-boy Jackies.
Geography is my delight;
Ballads—Epitaphs I write;
Almanacks I can endite;
Graves I dig, compact and tight.
At dusk, by the fire, like a good, jolly cock,
When my day's work is done, and all over,
I tipple, I smoke, and I wind up the clock,
With my sweet Mrs. Quotem, in clover.
With my Amen—gaymen,
Rum Quotem,
Fac-totum;
Putty and lead;
Stumps, mumps,
Pumps, rumps,
Mortar he thumps;
Jogging, flogging,
Sign-post daubery;
Split-crow, or strawberry,
Chimery, rhimery,
Liquorish, stickorish,
Chizzle-tomb,
Frizzle-tomb,
Going, a-going!
Squills,
Pills;

Song

Song inditing,
Epitaph writing;
Steeple sound,
Corpse to the ground;
Windsor soap,
Physic the Pope;
Home hop,
Shut up shop:
Punch-bowl crockery,
Wind-up clockery.
Many small articles make a sum;
I dabble in all—I'm merry and rum;
And 'tis, heigho! for Caleb Quotem, ho!

The character of *Lump*, a shrewd Yorkshire clown—"more knave than fool,"—to apply a homely phrase—is likewise tinged with considerable humour, and was well supported by Mr. Emery. Mr. *Deputy Bull* is a stale character on the stage, and leaves Suett little scope for the exercise of his talent. *Beaugard* is still more insipid; nor does the part receive any adventitious recommendation from Mr. Farley's acting.

Among the female *Dramatis Personæ*, Mrs. Gibbs, as *Grace Gaylove*, takes the lead. This lady is the representative of what we colloquially term a *ranting*, or *wet* Quaker, for which she whimsically accounts by the following *pun*, in reply to her guardian's expostulations—"When the pleasure-boat did overset, and I *fell into the water*, I became a *wet* Quaker."

Miss De Camp is always sure to command applause in breeches—perhaps, beyond her deserts; for her figure is certainly not the most elegant. But for this she amply compensates, by her spirited style of acting.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mountain evinced much archness, as the intriguing chambermaid; and, in the disguise of a gipsey, sang a plaintive ballad with much feeling and effect. The rest of the personages of the drama are mere *cyphers*.

The music to the New Entertainment is of a very pleasing cast, and worthy of the talents and reputation of the composer. In the scenic department, a view of Windsor Castle is pre-eminently entitled to notice. The closing scene, in which the evolutions of the regiments, whilst passing under review, are represented in machinery, is likewise ably managed.

Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at, that the Piece, with all its faults, was very favourably received. The author has completely accomplished his purpose, to please the spectators, and to send his audience home in a good humour; and his production has therefore maintained its popularity to the last.

TUESDAY 2.—SIGHS; *or*, THE DAUGHTER—*P. Hoare.*
THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

WEDNESDAY 3.—THE BIRTH-DAY—*T. Dibdin.*
OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

THE Comedy of the Birth-Day, adapted, and not unsuccessfully, to the English Stage, by Mr. Dibdin, from Kotzebue's Drama, entitled, *Reconciliation*, was performed this evening, by permission of the Proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Gibbs. The *cast* of the characters, of course, experienced a considerable change. Mr. Emery appeared in Mr. Munden's part, as the representative of *Captain Bertram*, and displayed considerable skill and judgment in his delineation of the rough manners of the veteran sea-officer. The part of *Harry*

Bertram

Bertram was consigned to Mr. J. Palmer, who certainly cannot be placed in competition with Mr. H. Johnston. *Circuit* had no reason to complain of his transfer from Mr. Waddy to Mr. Caulfield. Mr. Davenport was the substitute of Mr. Murray, as *Mr. Bertram.* As the part is short, it would be invidious to draw a comparison ; for where, indeed, is the performer, that can rival Mr. Murray?

Jack Junk remained with his original representative, Mr. Fawcett, and a better he will not easily find. The same remark applies to Mrs. Davenport's performance of the hypocritical housekeeper, *Mrs. Moral.* The interesting character of *Emma* was supported, for the first time, by Mrs. Gibbs. We may be singular in our opinion, but candour compels us to observe, that we greatly prefer her style of acting to Mrs. Pope's.

Between the Play and the Farce, Mr. Fawcett entertained the company with what the Bills announced, as a "*Comic Song in Character, called, Polly Oliver.*" A more silly, senseless song, we seldom heard—and we think the writer of it, whoever he may be, has acted wisely in concealing his name. A short disturbance took place, in consequence of the audience being disappointed in their expectations of hearing Suett's comic Song of "*Dicky Gossip.*" Mr. Fawcett came forward with an apology, stating, that Mr. Suett had been suddenly taken ill, and was unable to attend the Theatre. Still the galleries continued clamorous, and insisted on Mr. Fawcett's singing the Song in Suett's stead. Mr. Fawcett pleaded his incapacity, and at length, by dint of a little buffoonery and grimace, (talents essentially necessary on such occasions) succeeded in appeasing the tumult, and the rulers of the upper regions consented to the restoration of peace and harmony.

THURSDAY 4.—INCLE AND YARICO—*G. Colman.* THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

THE part of *Wowski*, in the Opera, by Mrs. Mountain, for the first time.

FRIDAY 5.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

MR. SUETT continuing indisposed, the part of *Steinberg* was sustained by Mr. Emery. In characters of this description this performer appears to considerable advantage.

SATURDAY 6.—THE JEW—*Cumberland.* THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

THE part of *Frederick* by Mr. J. Palmer, as the substitute of Mr. C. Kemble.

MONDAY 8.—THE HEIR AT LAW—*G. Colman.* THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

FOR the benefit of Mr. Jewell, the Treasurer to the Theatre.

TUESDAY 9.—THE BIRTH-DAY—*T. Dibdin.* THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR.

WEDNESDAY 10.—THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR. THE MOGUL TALE—*Mrs. Inchbald.* OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

THE Theatre this evening exhibited a scene, which, perhaps, can only find a parallel in the memorable history of the far-famed *Pizarro.* The performances were for the benefit of Mr. Fawcett; and the merited popularity of this Actor prepared us to expect a full, a crowded, an overflowing

flowing House; on which account we were careful to repair to the Theatre at an early hour. But, to see the whole street lined with carriages, and blockaded on both sides with pedestrians vainly pressing for admittance, was *more* than we had anticipated. Hundreds, who had purchased tickets, were under the necessity of returning home, without passing the threshold of the Theatre. Had the House been three times as large as it actually is, we are persuaded it would have been filled to its utmost capacity.

That Mr. Fawcett exerted the whole scope of his abilities, in grateful return for the patronage with which he was so profusely honoured, the reader will naturally conclude, without our corroborative testimony. As well in *The Review*, as in the *Mogul Tale*, he is the acknowledged hero of the piece; and that he never stops at *half-measures*, every person, in the habit of frequenting the Theatre, will readily acknowledge. Were it necessary to advance an argument, in proof of our assertion, we need only to add, that there is not a single performer on the stage, in whose hands a Dramatic writer feels himself so easy, so safe, so certain of success. Whenever Mr. Fawcett moves in his proper sphere, as a comic actor, he is never known to fail; but whether his success be owing to great natural parts, or to indefatigable industry, is a question which we leave to the decision of those critics, who experience a malignant pleasure in detracting from every person's merit, but their own; and who, unhappily for the community, have not learned a more profitable method of employing their time.

THURSDAY 11.—THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR. THE DEAF LOVER—*F. Pilon.* OBI; *or* THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

FRIDAY 12.—THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR. FORTUNE'S FROLIC—*Allingham.* OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK.—*Fawcett.*

SATURDAY 13.—THE REVIEW; *or*, THE WAGS OF WINDSOR. THE VILLAGE LAWYER—*Macready.* OBI; OR, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

MONDAY 15.—THE POINT OF HONOUR—*C. Kemble.* OBI; *or*, THREE-FINGERED JACK—*Fawcett.*

THE season, which ranks among the most auspicious this Theatre ever could boast, closed with the performances of this evening, as a regular Company. Mr. Waldron, the Prompter, took his Benefit the following day—

TUESDAY 16.—THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—*Gay.* THE AUTHOR—*S. Foote*—

With such auxiliaries as he could muster from the regular and private Theatres. The hero of the Opera, *Captain Mackheath*, was represented by a Gentleman, who, if we may give credit to the Bills, never appeared before on any stage.

GENERAL REMARKS.

THE almost unprecedented success, which has crowned the exertions of the Proprietors and Performers of the Haymarket Theatre, this season, has given rise to a variety of idle speculations on the probable cause of this good fortune. Some affect to trace it in the judicious conduct of the Acting Manager, Mr. Fawcett, and the interesting novelties he has brought forward. Others, again, who appear to be inimically disposed towards that Gentleman, attribute it solely to contingencies. Viewing the question on general grounds, we

we are of opinion, that the truth, as usual on such occasions, lies in the middle. That Mr. Fawcett has approved himself a skilful and an indefatigable superintendant of the concern, no man of candour will attempt to dispute: nor can we contemplate, without indignation, the invidious attempts of a certain description of persons, to excite a spirit of animosity and jealousy between the friends of that gentleman and the admirers of Mr. Colman. Why the interests of a Theatre should be converted into a *party-question*, we have yet to learn. The *novelties* produced this season are five in number; and of these, *three* have stood their ground, viz. *Obi*, or *Three-fingered Jack*—*The Point of Honour*—and *The Review*, or *The Wags of Windsor*.—Now, *two* out of these *three* pieces, are indebted to Mr. Colman's co-operation for their success; the other, as our readers already know, is an adapted translation from the French, by Mr. C. Kemble. Hence it must be evident, that those who wish to impress the public with the idea that Mr. Colman's and Mr. Fawcett's interests are separate, distinct, and incompatible; that they cannot subsist conjointly; but that the one must fall, in the same proportion as the other rises; and *vice versâ*—it must, we say, appear evident to every unprejudiced observer, that persons thus acting, must be influenced by sinister motives, and that their aim can only be to sow the seeds of jealousy and dissention.

But to return from this digression.—When we take a retrospective view of the state of the other Summer Theatres, and places of amusement, with which the vicinity of the metropolis abounds, we cannot deny that the Haymarket Theatre is in a great measure indebted to *contingencies* for the prosperous issue of its late campaign. A variety of circumstances, connected with the temper of the times, have conspired to detain a larger proportion of the affluent classes

of the community in town this summer, than has been the case in former years. Hence, not only the Haymarket Theatre, but every place of public amusement, has literally overflowed with company, and the Proprietors have reaped, of course, a plentiful harvest. *Vauxhall* has nightly had its thousands, and its tens of thousands. The same, in its degree, has been the case at the *Circus*, at *Ashley's*, *Sadler's Wells*, &c. Yet, though the continuance of the fine weather might naturally be expected to draw the inhabitants of the metropolis more towards the fields and rural avenues of the town, the Haymarket Theatre has never exhibited a naked appearance. The boxes have uniformly been numerously and fashionably filled, and the pit and galleries crowded. That this cannot be solely, nor yet principally, owing to the *novelties* of the season, is palpably obvious. Mr. Allingham's new Farce has never drawn a House, after the first or second night; and as to Mr. Holman's *blundering* Opera, it was not able, even with the magic co-operation of *Obi*, to protract its lingering existence to the *ninth* night. —Mr. Colman's sprightly Comedy of *The Heir at Law*, though so frequently repeated, has proved a greater source of attraction, than fifty such wretched abortions as the new Opera, lately brought forth, but now defunct, and consigned to the peaceful tomb of oblivion.

In making these remarks, we must, however, be careful to guard against misrepresentation, by explicitly stating, that nothing can be more foreign to our sentiments, than to detract, in the slightest degree, from the credit and commendation due to Mr. Fawcett for his conduct, as acting Manager. The economy of the Theatre has been maintained with regularity and punctual observance—the audience have experienced every requisite attention and respect—and whenever cases of disappointment have occurred (instances

of

of which can never be prevented *in toto)* the Manager has evinced the most laudable anxiety to remedy, as far as possible, the consequences of unavoidable accident. In short, the voice of the Public is with him; and this, in questions of this nature, we take to be the most incontrovertible proof of merit.

Opening of the Winter Theatres.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Sept.* 15, 1800.

SPEED THE PLOUGH—*Morton.* HARTFORD BRIDGE—*Pearce.*

THE Proprietors of this Theatre have availed themselves of the Summer recess, to beautify the House, which has been completely re-painted, and now presents a very pleasing appearance. The fawn-colour of the boxes, which produced a heavy effect, is replaced by a light blue; and the pannels of each box are graced with appropriate devices, at once elegant and simple. Indeed, the *tout-ensemble* of the Theatre cannot be better characterized than in the emphatic words of the Roman Lyrist—"*simplex munditiis!*" —'tis a happy union of neatness and simplicity.

Nor have the endeavours of the Proprietors to please and gratify their patrons stopt here:—they have engaged a greater number of new Performers than in any preceding season. Hence the Public may look forward, not merely to variety, but to that spirit of competition which gives additional stimulus to individual merit, and most effectually paves the way to excellence, as gems are polished by collision.

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The season commenced with Mr. Morton's popular Comedy of *Speed the Plough.* The characters retained their original cast, without a single exception, which renders it unnecessary to enter into a specific detail of the representation. All the Performers, as they successively appeared upon the stage, were greeted by the audience with a warmth and cordiality clearly demonstrative of the hold they have upon the public favour. Mr. Incledon's reception, in particular, in the After-piece, was marked with a degree of predilection approximating to enthusiasm; and the reiterated plaudits bestowed upon him interrupted, for a considerable interval, the progress of the piece.

All the Performers appeared in high spirits; and never, perhaps, was a Play acted with more of that momentary impulse, that immediate emanation of mind, which borders upon inspiration. To particularize *individual* merit, where all equally aspired to excel, would be an invidious attempt. The enthusiasm was indeed reciprocal, between the Audience and the Performers; and we make no doubt but the Proprietors must have felt highly gratified with this auspicious opening of the Theatrical campaign. May the ultimate event prove analogous to the opening prospect; and may prosperity, harmony, and peace, flourish and reign uninterrupted between all parties!

The After-piece boasts one character drawn with spirit, vigour, and decision, to wit, *Peregrine Forrester;* and to this Mr. Munden did ample justice. Mr. Incledon, in the part of *Captain Fieldair*, gave Shield's beautiful Song—*The Heaving of the Lead*—in an exquisite stile; and, as well as Mr. Munden, was rapturously *encored.* The House was crowed at *full* price.

DRURY-LANE.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Sept.* 16, 1800.

HAMLET—*Shakspeare.* OF AGE TO-MORROW.

THE Theatre, on opening, discovered no material change in the appearance of the House; but what, no doubt, will be infinitely more agreeable to our readers, a material change has taken place in the management and internal economy of the Theatre. Mr. Kemble has taken upon himself the main superintendance, not only as Acting Manager, but as a Joint Proprietor. From the acknowledged abilities of this Gentleman, from his classical taste, refined judgment, and cultivated talents, we may, of course, anticipate the most beneficial consequences; and the lovers of the Stage will now look confidently forward towards the restoration of legitimate drama, and the re-establishment of the empire of sound sense and reason.

Hamlet, as delineated by the masterly performance of Mr. Kemble, is avowedly one of the finest pieces of acting the stage can boast. Such, indeed, are the unrivalled beauties of Mr. Kemble's personification of the character, that, frivolous and debauched as is the public taste, the Play never fails to attract a crowded audience; and never, we are persuaded, was morality more impressively, more successfully inculcated from the pulpit, than it is by this Gentleman from the stage. The weight he gives to *Hamlet's* reflections on the precarious, transitory, perishable lot of humanity, strikes deep and awfully on the heart.

Mr. C. Kemble not being yet sufficiently recovered from his illness, the part of *Laertes* was undertaken by Mr. J. Palmer, of the Haymarket Theatre. On such occasions great allowances should be made. Mr. J. Palmer's voice is at present much too *jejune*, and his tones too slender—but this is a defect, which, we understand, the father of this performer,

performer, (the late justly regretted Mr. Palmer) laboured under in his youth. Candour therefore, inclines us to hope, that improvement will follow, as the natural concomitant of practice and experience.

The rich vein of dry humour, which characterizes the performances of the veteran Mr. King, is admirably calculated for the part of the grave-digger, which, in his hands, appears to great advantage.

The same marks of public favour and approval, welcomed the performers, on their several successive appearance, which were awarded by the audience to the actors and actresses of Covent-Garden Theatre the preceding night.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 17, 1800.

ABROAD, AND AT HOME—*Holman.* THE CHILD OF NATURE—*Mrs. Inchbald.*

THERE is a beautiful simplicity in Miss Murray's manner of pourtraying the amiable character of *Amanthis*, which cannot fail highly to delight and interest every spectator who is susceptible to the charms of unsophisticated nature.

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, *Sept.* 18, 1800.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE—*Colman and Garrick.* THE PRIZE—*P. Hoare.*

THE *Clandestine Marriage* is a classical production, which must command applause, as long as the least vestige of legitimate taste remains. On the acknowledged merit of Mr. King's delineation of the finished character of *Lord Ogleby*, it were almost impertinent to enlarge. As far as it is possible for the effort of the human mind to reach perfection, we may attach that proud epithet to Mr. King's performance. We have, in former instances, had frequent occasion to go through the representation in detail; we shall, therefore,

therefore, wave a repetition in the present case, and content ourselves with observing, that the part of *Mrs. Heidelberg* was sustained by Mrs. Sparks, who, it seems, succeeds to Mrs. Walcot's line of acting.

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, *Sept.* 19, 1800.

A CURE FOR THE HEART-ACHE—*Morton.* ST. DAVID'S DAY—*T. Dibdin.*

MR. LEWIS performed the eccentric character of *Young Rapid*, with his accustomed sprightliness and ability. This being his first appearance on the stage this season, he was greeted with tumultuous bursts of applause by an admiring audience. No change occurred in the *cast* of the Play.

DRURY-LANE, SATURDAY, *Sept.* 20, 1800.

THE HAUNTED TOWER—*Cobb.* BON TON—*Garrick.*

MR. DOWTON appeared as the representative of the *Baron of Oakland*, for the first time. As a performer, he is always respectable; and as he combines industry and perseverance with natural talent, he cannot fail to rise in the profession.

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, *Sept.* 22, 1800.

LOVERS' VOWS—*Mrs. Inchbald.* THE POOR SOLDIER —*O'Keefe.*

THE affecting Play of *Lovers' Vows*, in which Mrs. Inchbald has displayed her talents as an adapter, with conspicuous advantage, was performed this evening, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Brunton, jun. late of the Norwich Theatre, to a London audience. In appreciating the claims of this Gentleman, we are ready to admit the full force and competency of every plea, founded on his youth, his *inci-*

pient practical experience of the stage, (for Mr Brunton is not of that long standing, as an actor, which many of the public prints affect to represent him; indeed, we believe it is not two yet years since he first trod the boards) and the strong tide of prejudice he had to encounter, from the public prepossession in favour of his predecessor in the part. But, we can in no wise coincide with the doctrine laid down by the *sapient* critic of * *The Times*, that "*no comparison is* "*admissible, in forming a judgment of a performer's me-*"*rit.*" What other test, what other standard, or criterion, have we of excellence, but by *comparison?* Is the *inflated critic* of that *farrago* of dullness and venality now first to be told, that *qualities* of all kinds are *relative* terms, which can only be judged and ascertained *by comparison?*

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* We have been informed, to our no small astonishment, that some of the Thespian tribe attach great weight to the *Theatrical Reports* in this Paper. We know, indeed, that certain persons have a very *imposing* manner, and that impudence, effrontery, and arroganee, are frequently very successfully employed as a cloak to cover folly, ignorance, and dullness. The *os magna loquens*—in English, "*a mouth, vaunting great things,*" (Rev. chap. xiii. v. 5.) often causes a man, of *little mind,* to pass for a *great critic.* Hence, alone, can we account for any partiality, if such there be, in favour of *The Times.* We have no personal animosity against the conductors of that Paper; but, as the *determined enemies of imposture,* we must honestly avow, that *verbosity, inanity,* and *dullness, hopelessly incorrigible, because blended with vanity and conceit,* are the only characteristics we have been able to trace in the *Theatrical Critiques* of *The Times:* Not the smallest spark of native genius; not one single, solitary scintillation of mind, have we ever yet been able to discover in that department of the Paper, which might throw a gleam of light athwart the dreary gloom, and for a moment irradicate the *palpable obscure!*

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Is he now first to be told, that taste is *progressive*; and that, in proportion as *improved* excellence rises on our view, (of which we can only judge by comparing the *present* with the *past*) the mind grows more enlightened, and acquires a more refined standard of appreciation?

But, to return from this digression—The character of *Frederic*, in *Lovers' Vows*, is a part which calls forth all the energy, all the *pathos* of the most violent and contending passions. Here, then, strength of voice, vehemence of utterance, and impassioned action, are indispensibly requisite. Considered in this light, it is a part in which the *matured* powers of Mr. Pope shine to considerable advantage. The fullness of that actor's tones, the rapidity of his speech, and the violence of his gesticulation, are well suited to the portraiture of those sudden bursts of passion, which convulse the mind of *Frederic*. Even the characteristic defects of Mr. Pope's performance are, in a great measure, lost and absorbed in his delineation of this character. The only, at least the chief imperfections, which strike the spectator's notice, are an *occasional whine*, which destroys the dignity of effect, and a too frequent habit of *closing his eyes*, which, of course, weakens the expression, the eye being strictly, and especially in scenes of strong passion, the *index of the soul!*

Let us now apply the general outline we have above drawn of the character, to Mr. Brunton's performance. The weakness of his voice (for which his youth is a competent apology) renders him, at present, inadequate to the task of depicting the strong emotions of the soul. Neither has he that portly, that commanding, and imposing air, which greatly adds to the dignity of Mr. Pope's performance. —It can be deemed no wanton disparagement of Mr. Brunton's talents, when we say, that, at present, both his manner

and his appearance are too puerile, too strongly indicative of his youth. This is a defect, not inherent in the individual, but the natural result of existing circumstances; and, as an experienced statesman observed, in reply to an objection urged against the present Prime Minister, on the ground of his youth—" 'tis a fault, which will amend itself every day."

In his conception of the part, Mr. Brunton was, in the aggregate, correct. He evidently played from feeling; and that is avowedly the best principle an actor can proceed upon. 'Tis, indeed, the ground-work and main pillar of professional excellence. Occasionally, he rose with his theme above the general tenor of his performance: his voice assumed a bolder tone, and his manner became more decisive and emphatic. From these auspicious indications, we may confidently augur rising merit and improvement. We would only beg leave to caution the gentleman against an involuntary smirk, which at times overspread his countenance, and presented a strange contrast to the sentiment he had just uttered.

Upon the whole, then, it appears, that though Mr. Brunton cannot, at present, be considered as a competent rival of Mr. Pope, in the character of *Frederic*, he yet possesses the elementary principles, the *stamina* necessary to constitute a good actor. In delivering an opinion of his abilities, it must be remembered, that we are speaking of what he, at this very moment, *is*—not what he, hereafter, *may* be—not what, to judge from the specimen we have already witnessed, we may venture to predict he *will* be. 'Tis not in the ordinary course of human experience to grasp perfection at the first effort—to attain to eminence in any profession is the work of time and labour—

Multa tulit, fecitque puer, sudavit, et algit.

" By

" By slow, by painful, gradual march we rise,
" And long, long labours, wait the glorious prize."

The part of *Agatha*, in the Play, hitherto so successfully sustained by Mrs. Johnson, was this evening performed by Miss Chapman. To us, we must candidly confess, there is something extremely unpleasant in the frigidity of this actress. Coldly correct, which comes within the compass of the meanest abilities, she evinces neither feeling nor animation: to a disgusting monotony of voice, she joins an equally disgusting monotony of manner: and 'tis, therefore, with regret, we learn, that the part is likely to continue in her possession; the original representative, Mrs. Johnson, having quitted her situation at Govent-Garden for an engagement more congenial to her wishes, in the York Company, where she has a better line of business allotted her.

In the After-piece, a new Actress, of the name of Basters, stepped forward, as a candidate for theatrical fame, in the part of *Patrick*. This is the same lady, who volunteered her services in aid of the benefit given towards the support of the *Bayswater General Lying-in Hospital*, after the termination of the regular season at Covent-Garden, on the 13th of June, on which occasion she appeared in the character of *Don Carlos*, in the *Duenna*. She possesses considerable musical talent, and gave the songs incidental to the piece with judgment and ability. But we cannot speak very favourably of her figure, which is much too corpulent and bulky, especially about the thighs, &c. to produce a good effect in breeches; though, as her husband is a manufacturer of that article of dress, we may conclude, that all due care has been taken to make her *inexpressibles* fit as tight and as neatly as possible. On account of this self-same plumpness, and the general *embonpoint* of the lady's appearance, some of the newspapers have been pointedly severe in their animadversions, on her supposed partiality to the breeches. But

justice

justice calls upon us to refute this charge, as we have *authority* for stating, that the Lady did not make her *debut* in the character of *Patrick*, from *choice*; but, on the other hand, with reluctance, and in compliance with the desires of her employers. As a *vocal* performer, she promises to render herself serviceable to the theatre: she possesses a practical and scientific knowledge of music, and has, we understand, been in the habit of giving lessons in that art.

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, *Sept.* 23, 1800.

RICHARD THE THIRD—*Shakspeare.* THE SHIPWRECK —*S. Arnold.*

MR. WROUGHTON, who held the managerial reins at this Theatre, previous to Mr. Aickin's induction into that office; but who, two years ago, retired from the stage, and lived on his private fortune at Bath, resumed his professional career this evening, in the character of *King Henry the Sixth*, which he supported with much ability and success. Mr. Wroughton is a performer of very gentlemanly habits, as well as of respectable talents: his return, therefore, to the stage will, no doubt, be a pleasing intelligence to the public in general.

In the youthful characters of the *Prince of Wales* and *Duke of York*, two new performers, Master Suett and Miss Jackson, made their first appearance on the boards, and were honoured with considerable applause. Mr. Kemble stamped the character of the stern tyrant, *Gloucester*, with his accustomed strength and excellence; but in the lighter parts of the delineation, he is not equally successful. In those scenes, where the predominant passions of *Richard* are called into action; where the workings of insatiable ambition, remorseless cruelty, and hardened villainy are to be pourtrayed, his personation of the part is awfully impressive and masterly correct.

correct. One or two instances, indeed, occurred, in which we thought him rather deficient in point of force. 'Tis with the utmost diffidence we venture to oppose our humble opinion to the judgment of so consummate a master; but, confident of Mr. Kemble's candour and good sense, we would beg leave to observe, that *Richard's* celebrated exclamation in the last Act—"*A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!*"—coming under the the legitimate denomination of *hyperbole* and *rant*, the passage seems to require a correspondent energy and vehemence of delivery. Mr. Kemble, on the other hand, spoke it in a low and barely audible tone.

These, however, are but spots in the sun, and carry with them their own apology, from the length, the difficulty, and the fatigue of the part. Indeed, we should not have deemed them entitled to remark, but from a wish to show our readers, that our admiration of Mr. Kemble's talents is not founded on that blind partiality, that irrational homage, which a certain correspondent, whose cavillings we have had frequent occasion to notice, lays to our charge. We admire Mr. Kemble, not as a paragon of perfection—for perfection, we well know, does not fall to the lot of humanity—but as approximating nearer to perfection, to consummate excellence, in his line, than any other Performer on the Stage. The moment we see his talents eclipsed, if that moment ever should arrive—we shall with alacrity award the palm to his superior in merit; but, till then, we must claim the privilege of retaining our own opinion.

Mr. C. Kemble supported the part of *Richmond*. This being his first public appearance, since the accident which befel him, whilst performing in the Pantomime of *Obi*, (as related in our last Number) he was received with the most flattering marks of favour and applause, by the audience. He played with great spirit, and seems perfectly recovered.

In

In the Entertainment, Miss Stephens came forward as the representative of *Angelica Coto*, for the first time. Miss B. Menage, likewise for the first time, performed the part of *Sally Shamrock*, as the substitute for Mrs. Bland, who still continues seriously indisposed.

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, *Sept.* 24, 1800.

THE BEGGARS' OPERA—*Gay.*—THE SPOILED CHILD—*Mr. Jordan.*

MISS DIXON, from the Opera House, made her *debut* this evening, in the character of *Polly*. She possesses a pleasing voice, an elegant figure, and an agreeable cast of features; and, what afforded us particular satisfaction, sang the Airs, in her part, with a degree of chasteness and simplicity, scarcely to be expected from a member of the *Operatic corps*. We particularly notice this circumstance, as it proves the soundness of her judgment, and the goodness of her taste. The character and situation of *Polly*; and, indeed, of all the personages in the *Beggars' Opera*, are such as do not require *exotic graces*, and *refined execution*. These, in fact, instead of being a recommendation, are a heavy drawback on the intended effect, as being diametrically opposite to the just preservation of character. In this point of view, we must take the liberty of respectfully hinting to Miss Dixon, that her attitudes, however graceful in themselves, especially the *flourish of her arm*, are, in the present instance, inappropriate and unseasonable. In other respects, we were greatly pleased with her performance.

In the Entertainment, the sprightliness of Mrs. Mills, as *Little Pickle*, and the irresistible drollery of Mr. Knight, as *Tag*, afforded a rich fund of merriment and diversion to the lovers of broad farce and good humour. We never saw these two Performers act their several parts with greater spirit.

FASHIONABLES.

FASHIONABLES.

THE opening of the Winter Theatres may be said to form an epocha in the fashionable world. It communicates new life and spirit to the metropolis, which, during the summer recess, presents one unvaried scene of dulness and insipidity. With the exception of the Haymarket Theatre, which, from its circumscribed dimensions admits but of a small proportion of visitors, the lovers of the Drama, whose avocations necessarily require their presence in town, are doomed to a greater privation of intellectual enjoyment, than during the melancholy term of *Lent* itself. The entertainments at *Astley's Amphitheatre*, the *Circus*, *Sadler's Wells*, &c. are but a poor substitute for the rational pleasures of Dramatic representation. Rope-dancing, skipping, and feats of horsemanship, may yield ineffable delight to children, and to *second dotage;* but a man of sense and mind will not feel tempted to repeat his visit.

DRESS itself feels the influence of the season. The fluctuations of fashion are, in a manner, at a stand, not only the *arbiters of taste*, but the principal *artificers* and *dress-manufacturers* themselves, being absent from town, at the watering places, and different scenes of fashionable Summer resort. Of course, little scope presents itself for discussion on this head.

MANNERS AND MORALS, LITERATURE, &c.

To the speculative philosopher, it might furnish ground of much serious and abstruse reasoning, in how far occasional relaxation, and a certain degree of excess itself may, or may not, be as serviceable to communities at large, as to individuals. Little as we feel inclined to step forward as the

advocates of extravagance and dissipation, *in the abstract*, we have just as little ambition to join the herd of morose moralists, who are incessantly railing at every thing that deviates, in the slightest degree, from the stale, beaten track. Human nature needs an occasional *stimulus*, to set the spirits in action, and rouze the soul from the torpor and lethargy of uniform habit.

Hence even the annual follies and irregularities of *Bartholomew Fair* may eventually be productive of good. 'Tis become a growing fashion, of late, to decry all scenes of enjoyment in which the lower orders of society can equally participate. We are incessantly told of the mischief and evil resulting from vulgar diversions, and more particularly from the fair to which we now allude, which is generally stigmatized by the name of a *nuisance*. Yet, of what serious evil this pretended nuisance is productive, we have yet to learn. That it is a scene of folly, of noise, and absurdity, we readily allow; but, as it tends to unbend the minds of those who delight in this species of pastime, and occasions a beneficial flow of animal spirits, which probably enables them to bear up with greater firmness against the pressure of the times, and the daily cares of life, we cannot, till *facts* supply the place of *declamation*, regard it in that dangerous light in which it is represented. *Bartholomew Fair*, with all its mad doings, has stood the test of long experience; no momentous evil has resulted from the practice; and though to us it holds forth no charms, from our constitutional aversion to the inconveniencies of a *crowd*, yet there are thousands of persons, and of respectable persons too, who derive pleasure from such occasional variations of the customary scene of life. Even in a political view, we are of opinion that opportunities of relaxation are useful, at they dissipate gloomy thoughts, and prevent the mind from brooding over

unpleasant

unpleasant occurrences. It was the wise policy of many ancient governments, to give the lower orders of society every possible occasion of amusement, in order to beguile their cares, and turn their attention aside from the concerns of state. As the proverb justly observes, "*Un homme, qui rit, ne sera jamaix dangereux.*" In English, *The man who laughs and jokes, will never hatch treason.*

PETER PINDAR AND GIFFORD.

SINCE our last, two Pamphlets have appeared, on the subject of the late *fracas* between Peter Pindar and Mr. Gifford. They are both in quarto, the one (price two shillings) entitled, *The Battle of the Bards; an heroic Poem, in two Cantos, by Mauritius Moonshine*; the other, a half-crown publication, with no ostensible author's name, under the title of *Peter and Æsop; a St. Giles's Eclogue.* The real name of the author of the *Battle of the Bards*, is Mr. DERMODY, an Irish Gentleman, of no mean talents, and very respectable connexions. His versification is, in general, smooth and correct; his language classical, with the exception of a few venial inadvertencies; and his ideas marked with strength of mind and vigour of conception. Would the limits of our publication admit of it, we might quote a variety of passages, which breathe the true spirit of poetic inspiration. But there is rather a *falling-off* in the Second Canto, which does not answer the expectation raised by the first. It is, however, on the whole, a very promising performance; and as Mr. DERMODY is a very young man, a man of parts, and of sanguinary complexion, we may confidently augur much future excellence, from the *matured* exercise of his talents.

For the rest, it has been our lot to incur the marked resentment of this Gentleman, in consequence of the opinion

we gave of *one* of the * *Dramatic novelties*, produced this season, at the Haymarket Theatre. We are always happy in the approbation of men of talents; but when untoward circumstances cause us to fall under their displeasure, we must even bear the weight of their anger as well as we can. It is not in our disposition to seek revenge, by *under-valuing* the talents of an adversary—we would rather, from a principle of honour, be more than ordinarily † *lenient* in such cases; and, in the present instance, we have an additional motive of forbearance, from the very nature of the *indictment* preferred against us. Perhaps there never yet existed a public critic, who was not occasionally arraigned of bribery and compromise, by the object and the partizans of the object of his animadversion. But it is the peculiar boast of the *Editor of the Dramatic Censor*, that he can challenge the whole *Theatrical Corps* to make good the charge. He can confidently dare the whole body of Actors, and every Actor individually, to prove a single case, in which his verdict of the merits of individuals was biassed and perverted.—He can affirm, without the fear of contradiction, that he

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* Mr. DERMODY gives the following reason for his personal attack on the *Editor of the Dramatic Censor*—

" Mr. Dutton, in the liberality of his benevolent soul, so so-
" lemnly attached 'to bold and independent principles,' having
" rather too lavishly complimented the sportive effusion of a very
" dear and discerning friend, (Mr. *********) we have taken the
" first and fairest opportunity of offering up a slight tribute of
" literary remuneration"—*Preface to Battle of Bards, page* 8.

We trust it is unnecessary to specify the Farce to which Mr. Dermody, in this passage, alludes.

† Mr. Dermody, we understand, has a Volume of Poems in the Press, of which we have heard a very *high*, and, we doubt not, a very *just* character.

never

never eat or drank in the house of any *one actor* upon the stage; and he has systematically avoided their acquaintance, not from a want of respect and esteem, but because he felt convinced, that personal intimacy cannot fail to prove a momentous drawback upon his integrity and independence. There are many in the profession, for whom he entertains the highest reverence; but to be in habits of intimacy with a performer, and to speak, in terms of censure, when occasion requires, of his professional merit, is revolting to the feelings of human nature. It is for this reason that he keeps himself aloof.

The writer of the *St. Giles's Eclogue* is unknown to us. It contains many vigorous passages; but, on the whole, is rather too severe, we think, on Mr. Garrow, whose character is sketched, with great force, but at the same time with great virulence, under the appellation of *Scurra*. However just the satire may be, of which we do not pretend to judge, the author appears to us to have indulged his private, personal pique, beyond the bounds of moderation and decorum. We certainly cannot be suspected of partiality to Mr. Garrow, but we see no reason why things *loathsome* and *disgusting* should be lugged in on every occasion.

PROVINCIALS.

THE success of the Provincial Theatres has been very varied and precarious. The extraordinary series of fine weather, which conspired to overstock the watering places with visitors, may justly rank among the chief causes of the miscarriage of theatrical speculation. Sufficiently fatigued and overcome with the *meridian* heat, the company felt little inclination to pass the evening amidst the vapourous distillation of a Play-House, justly preferring a walk in the pure air to sedentary confinement. Hence the Theatres at Margate

gate and Brighton have experinced but very indifferent success; whilst Birmingham, Liverpool, and other inland Theatres have reaped a tolerable, if not a plentiful harvest. The Masquerades at Margate have proved more attractive than Dramatic representations, to which, of course, the continued fineness of the weather has greatly contributed.

The Annual Musical Meeting at Salisbury was honoured with a very numerous and brilliant attendance. The performances were under the able direction of Mr. Corfe, whose talents and professional merit are too well established to stand in need of panegyric. Among a long list of illustrious visitors, we meet with the names of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the Earl and Countess of Radnor, the Marquis of Blandford, Earls Pembroke and Peterborough, the Countess of Shaftesbury, Mr. Sheridan, &c. Madame Mara and Mr. Bartleman took the lead in the vocal department.

Bognor, this season, boasted an overflow of rank and fashion, at the head of which stands her Grace, the amiable and accomplished Duchess of Devonshire.

Mrs. Sumbell, the late celebrated Mrs. Wells, has been entertaining the good folks at Brighton, with Imitations; but, by all accounts, there has been a sad lack of the circulating medium in that quarter.

The opening of the Winter Houses has recalled all the London auxiliaries to town—most of the Provincial Theatres, therefore, will soon close.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE management of Drury-Lane Theatre being now vested in the skilful hands of Mr. Kemble, the public may confidently look forward to a greater proportion of our old sterling plays, than the town has of late years been regaled

galed with. Shakspeare is to be more completely restored to the stage, together with the legitimate dramas of other writers of established repute. The following, we understand, are among other *revivals* to be brought forward this season, viz. *Coriolanus—Anthony and Cleopatra—Henry the Fifth—Henry the Eighth*—and *Alexander the Great.*

The Public will hear with pleasure, that Mrs. Mountain is engaged at this Theatre. On the *discharged* list are the names of Talbot and Hollingsworth; to which we are sorry to add Mrs. Walcot. In the part of *ancient maids, nurses,* and other characters of a similar description, this lady's performances evinced considerable merit.

Miss Leak has signified her intention of retiring from the Stage.

Mrs. Plowden, a lady well known in the fashionable and literary circles, has an Opera forth-coming at Drury-Lane. Several After-pieces and Musical *Bagatelles* are likewise accepted; and report mentions two Tragedies, that are likely to appear this Season.

Covent-Garden musters uncommonly strong this Season. With such a powerful levy of *new recruits*, some strange fatality must attend the campaign, if no permanent good be atchieved. Some accession of professional excellence and merit may surely be expected, if, after the example of the Jewish dispensation, but a *remnant* of the new-raised cohort escape damnation.

Mr. Reynolds is the author of the New Comedy announced in the bills, under the significant title of *Life.* This gentleman's successful habit of catching the whim of the moment, leaves no doubt but his Play will afford much food for merriment and innocent recreation. Messrs. Morton and T Dibdin are likewise understood to be labouring in the Theatrical vineyard.

Mr.

Mr. Bellamy, the vocal hero of the Dublin Stage, has taken the Manchester Theatre, with the rest of the Theatrical appendages belonging to that circuit.

Astley does not visit Dublin this year, having engaged the Royalty Theatre for his Winter performances. This, of course, leaves an opening for the Company at the *New Royal Circus*. The Theatre shuts up towards the close of November, when the Manager designs to embark with his troop for the sister kingdom.

A Theatre is to be erected at Ramsgate, on the same scale as that at Margate.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our old Correspondent, the *alias* Gentleman, whom we have had frequent occasion to expose, has resumed his occupation. 'Tis wonderful how much trouble this Gentleman gives himself; and, most unfortunately, to no manner of purpose.

Mr. Walsingham, whose favours we are always happy to be honoured with, will find that his hints have been duly attended to.

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